And many *Iasons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire and ſo will I
vvhere money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerriſſa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is awearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfeite with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happines therfore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe mee a husband, ô mee the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a lyuing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde

Nerriſſa,

Nerriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towardes any of theſe Princelie ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, & you will not haue me, chooſe, he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Phyloſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmannerly ſadnes in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he falls ſtraght a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, *I* would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, *I* ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know *I* ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor *I* him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor *I*talian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that *I* haue a poore pennie-

 worth